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# Expiration Date?

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# Expiration Date?

BY BEATRICE DOLCE

**D**oes a testimony ever get old? After you've said it to different people in different locations at different times, does the novelty and awesomeness of the testimony fade into the recesses of one's mind as "common?" My answer is, "No."

If the testimonies of barren Elizabeth, Sarah and Hannah still speak to us, testimonies live on. If the testimony of the parting of the Red Sea before the Israelite multitude continues to encourage us to look beyond insurmountable odds, testimonies live on. Most importantly, if the testimony of God Incarnate laying down His life only to pick it up three days later on that blessed resurrection morn gives us hope of eternal life, testimonies definitely live on in our hearts, minds and souls. Hence, I've yet to see an expiration date on a testimony, and I believe I never will.

My testimony is that of a loving Savior who literally snatched me from the jaws of death. One Valentine's Day, unforeseen circumstances led me to the emergency room. After taking some cold medicines to combat flu-like symptoms, my body went into anaphylactic shock. I was in the process of dying. My head hurt. Blood spewed from my mouth, and fluid filled my lungs.


Tears were in my eyes, and I lay helplessly on a hospital bed in disbelief as hospital workers surrounded me. I had just celebrated my birthday seven days earlier, and it was my senior year of college. *How could this be happening to me?*

I was informed the hospital decided to put me in an induced coma. For days, I was in a death-like state, in which I could not respond to the outside world.

When I woke up from the coma, my body was not my own. I had to relearn how to walk and pace myself, because my breathing was labored. Every few steps took a lot of energy. My sense of time and space had been completely shifted, too.

The weeks that followed were not easy. Nonetheless, God cradled me in His love. God had birthed an unlikely testimony in my life.

The Bible declares, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony" (Revelation 12:11). There is something intricately interwoven into testimonies by the Divine artistic hand that paints a picture of love, faith, peace and strength—a strength motivated by the gentle nudge of the Holy Spirit to go on, eventually overcoming. Thus, I'm willing to allow the Holy Spirit to nudge me again and again to share my testimony of God's loving care and life-giving power.



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Beatrice Dolce is a first-year graduate student at Andrews University. Her studies focus on community and international development, and social work. She is a member of the Northside Church in Miami, Florida.